

## The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.  
Published Daily Except Sunday by The Evening World Company, Inc., 45 Park Row, New York.  
Ralph Pulitzer, President, 45 Park Row.  
Andrew H. Hays, Treasurer, 45 Park Row.  
Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., Secretary, 45 Park Row.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1879, under No. 100,000, authorized for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917, authorized for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917, authorized for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917.

Subscription prices: Five Cents a Week; One Dollar a Month; Three Dollars a Quarter; Six Dollars a Half Year; Twelve Dollars a Year. In Advance.

VOLUME 44 NO. 1231

## THESE ARE THE TERMS.

**T**HE up-State Public Service Commission decides that telephone users in this city shall have the full reduction of rates for which The Evening World fought.

The revised schedule offered by the New York Telephone Company marked a long step in the right direction, but it did not go far enough. The Commission insists upon a strict maximum charge of five cents a message for subscribers; a rate for apartment houses that shall make it possible to give tenants a five cent call; and abolition of toll gates to allow a five cent toll to and from all parts of the Greater City, save Far Rockaway and the lower end of Staten Island.

Reductions called for have been calculated on a basis that will still leave the company 8 per cent. return on its investment. The people of this city supply the most profitable telephone business in the world. No company that values the privileges it already has will take the risk of resisting this fair and carefully formulated order. Public utilities corporations freely admit that they have no chance of surviving unless they take the public into their confidence. Public ownership is always imminent.

The New York Telephone Company must recognize that complicity is the best and cheapest policy.

## BEGIN AT THE SIMPLE END.

**F**OLLOWING The Evening World's exposure of the way taxes of powerful corporations and millionaires are left uncollected by the city, while real estate and the ordinary citizen are taxed and super-taxed, representatives of more than 130 civic organizations from all parts of Greater New York held a mass meeting in a Manhattan theatre last night to open the fight against over-taxation.

The success of this campaign will depend largely upon the degree to which the general public can be brought to understand and join it. Taxation problems are often complicated enough to scare off the average citizen—even though he may be, as for example the man who pays rent, indirectly interested.

One proposition anybody can grasp. If the city lets some taxes go uncollected others must be piled on people most likely to pay them. Rich corporations can hire big lawyers to fight off their taxes. The ordinary law abiding citizen never thinks of not paying his.

The first step in easing unjust burdens of taxation is to go after the \$68,000,000 of uncollected special franchise and personality taxes. Why should a corporation fail to collect from its richest creditors? The city can use that \$68,000,000.

## THE SALVATION ARMY MEN KNOW.

**F**EW special commissions ever get as close to the hungry and the unemployed, even for a time, as does the Salvation Army day in and day out the year round.

When, therefore, Salvation Army officers assure us that "employment is opening up all over the country," and that spring will bring an end to acute distress, it is no easy-chair optimism that speaks. The Salvation Army would rather help the "work line" than the bread line. It has been fortunate in having money enough to employ men, women and girls in the making of first aid supplies to be sent to Europe. This has meant to many a deserving person temporary employment at 15 cents an hour—far better than charity.

"Every time distress becomes acute in the city," says the Army's Eastern Social Secretary, "it would be a good idea if, instead of giving food and money, wealthy men would provide employment."

Not the wealthy alone. Some day all business and capital will discover that hiding from hard times encourages hard times. Providing jobs under such conditions profits the provider.

## Hits From Sharp Wits.

"Wisdom is like money," says an exchange. Meaning, perhaps, that you can "change" it and still have "cents."—Memphis—Commercial Appeal.

What is siller than the expression on the face of a man or woman who grins at the photographer while having a picture taken?—Pittsburgh Sun.

Usually the man of whom the newspapers say that he "merely smiles" when a pertinent question was put to him knows that the true answer would embarrass him.—Albany Journal.

Some fellows don't realize that a

job is an asset until after it gets away from them.—Toledo Blade.

When they have wireless telephones, maybe everybody can listen on the line without the tell-tale click.—Nashville Tennessean.

A learned statistician has figured that the twentieth generation back entitles you to a round million ancestors, but that's a mere bagatelle to the average cat.—Columbia State.

Gossip is the invisible deadly weapon that kills more people than the sword.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

## Letters From the People

**Public Markets.**

To the Editor of The Evening World: We hear much of public markets and of the need of sanitation. A most odorous and terrible condition prevails at the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street and Third Avenue Public Market. A sewer opens directly under the meat stalls at this particular point and at low tide the odor is so prevalent it can be sensed even on the bridge, crossing the river, a good fifty feet away. The river water is murky and nauseating to look at. The sewer cannot be moved; but, it is not possible to move the meat stalls, with the exposed provisions, elsewhere and replace them with stalls handling some other commodity which would not so readily absorb the stench, filth and disease.

**The Fox and Dog Problem.**

A reader recently asked for an answer to the following: A dog is standing a certain distance due south of a fox, the fox starts to run due east, simultaneously the dog starts after the fox, running at a faster rate and always running directly toward the fox; what is the length of the curved track the dog will follow in overtaking the fox? My answer is that the distances covered respectively by the dog and fox will compare directly as rates of speed. The curved track followed by the dog is, in all instances except one, of a non-descript form, which makes the trigonometrical work very tedious if the rates and distances are established haphazard. In the instance excepted the quantities are so proportioned that the dog's path will be cycloidal. In this case suppose that the dog runs twice as fast as the fox; then, the distance the fox will run will be twice the radius of the generating circle, the distance the dog will run will be four times this radius and the distance between the dog and fox at the start will be 1.414 times the radius of the generating circle. Also the condition that the dog will be running directly toward the fox at all points in his course will be satisfied.

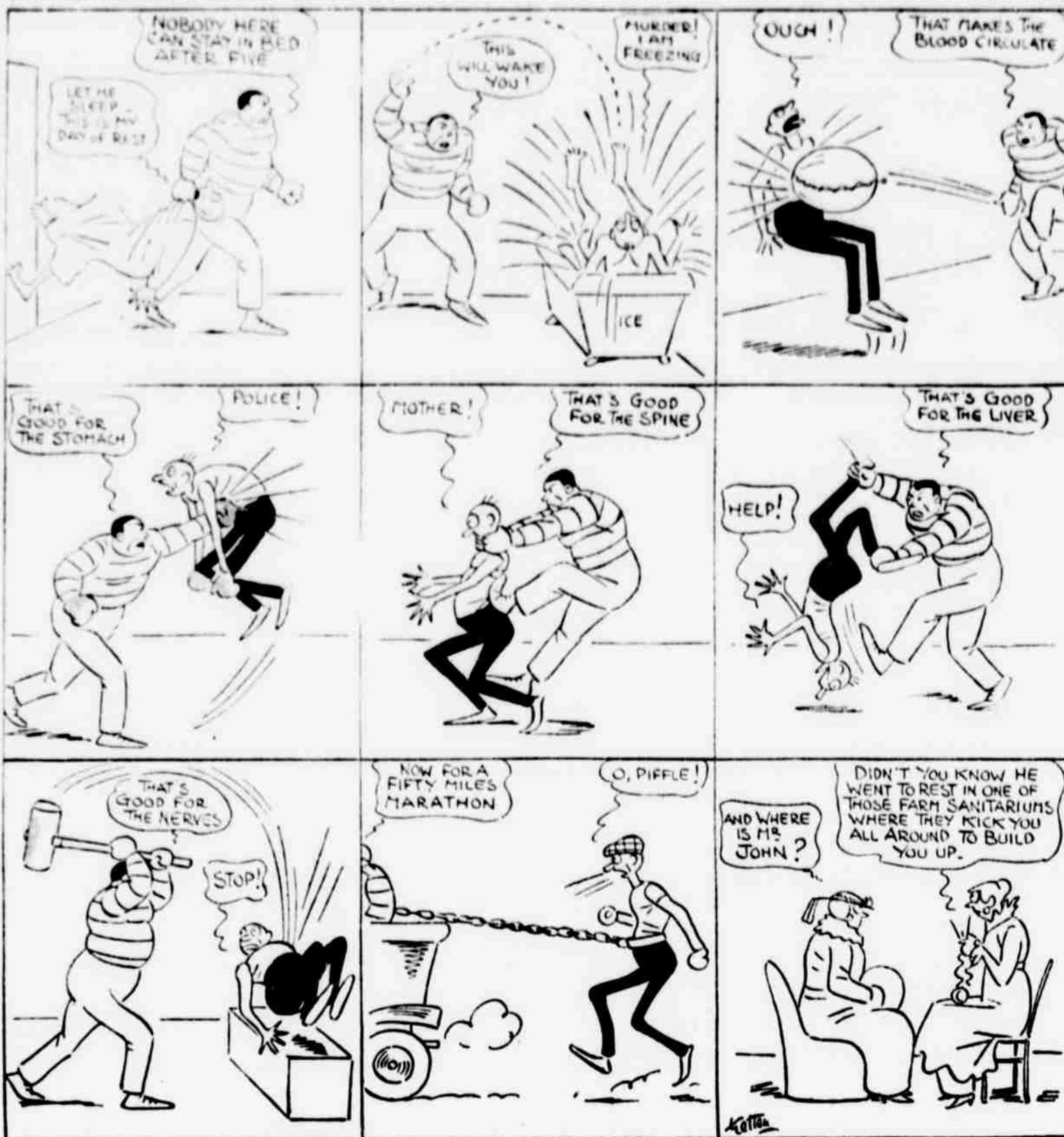
**Some Universally Observed.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Are there any national legal holidays in the United States? P. A. S.

## The Day of Rest

By Maurice Ketten



## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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**H**OW are you feeling, my dear?" asked Mrs. Rangle as she bustled into the Jarr flat for an afternoon call.

Then, without waiting for Mrs. Jarr, she said: "I've just felt terrible all week, and before you could get me for not calling you must understand that you should feel complimented that I have come to see you, for I have felt so run down that I haven't put my nose out of doors for two weeks. Clara Mudridge-Smith tells me I should try the New Thought, and Mrs. Pickens says Osteopathy, but I don't believe in those fads, and so I took those new salts that did Mrs. Stryver so much good, but they didn't help at all, and only that I simply will not give up I would have been in my bed."

"Of course, Mr. Rangle has no sympathy for me, and says I am all the time complaining; but I tell him I'm far from being a well woman, and it will be a sad day for him if I should be called away, although I don't believe he would wait till I was cold till he married again! And if there is one thing that gives a woman strength to bear up it is the thought of another woman rummaging through your things. But there is one fat solution: when a man has had a wife he generally marries a thin woman; the second time, and vice versa; and I know I'd turn in my grave if I thought Rangle had married a woman who could wear my things!"

Meanwhile, Mrs. Jarr was not idle (that is, her tongue wasn't). While Mrs. Rangle was talking about herself Mrs. Jarr was briskly describing her own symptoms.

"How well you are looking, only there is too much powder on your nose, my dear!" Mrs. Jarr said as she started in at an even break in the beginning of Mrs. Rangle's remarks. "I was just saying to myself when you rang: I wonder if Mrs. Rangle is mad at me for not calling? But I haven't been feeling well for one minute since I last saw you. I have had the most terrible headaches and sometimes I think they will drive me insane, and I ache all over and have had the most terrible pain in my right side. Oh, it's no use to talk to me about diet and say that medicine will do no good! Mrs. Hickett is one of those pure food people, and like everybody else who has a hobby, she talks you to death about it. I have been taking a favorite prescription of my mother's now for a week and it is helping me wonderfully, although I have

felt worse for the last two days!"

Both ladies coming to a pause at the same time, and neither hearing one word the other said, both remarked: "Well, I'm glad to hear your health is good, but I think it's the changeable weather that makes me feel as I do!"

"Take off your hat, dear," said Mrs. Jarr, "and sit down and tell me all the news."

"I can't stay a moment," replied Mrs. Rangle. "I just ran in to see how you were, and if the children are well, my Johnny has had a terrible cough."

"The children are well," said Mrs. Jarr, talking while Mrs. Rangle was

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## Wise Mrs. Jarr Learns and Imparts The True Secret of Conversation

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talking. "Emma gets the nightmare and wakes up screaming at night, but I don't think it is anything serious; and Willie complains that his bones ache, but I think it is nothing but growing pains, although he had me frightened the other night when he had a very high fever, because there is so much sickness! Did you get your blue dress dyed, and how did it come out?"

"Well, I must go," said Mrs. Rangle, rising as she concluded her remarks. And then she sat down again and the two gabbed at each other for an hour.

"Mrs. Rangle was here to-day," said Mrs. Jarr when Mr. Jarr came home.

"That so?" asked Mr. Jarr. "How is she and how's the children?"

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## Fifty Dates You Should Remember

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 41—DEC. 16, 1773: The Boston Tea Party.

**D**OWN Boston's narrow streets, toward the harbor rushed sixty Indians in full war paint. They were brandishing tomahawks and howling. Through the ice-cold, moonlit night they ran. And behind them followed thousands of men and women and children.

This was on Dec. 16, 1773, when the memory of Indian massacres was still strong. Yet this band of bloodily painted savages did not arouse the slightest terror. Instead, all along their line of advance they were cheered, and admiring crowds brought up the rear of the procession. Householders came out to offer them drink and tobacco.

For those red savages were "Indians" for only that one occasion. Ordinarily, they were solid and respected citizens of Boston. The paint and feathers and blankets and tomahawks were features of an elaborate disguise.

The American Colonies had for several years been growing more and more restive under the British yoke. And in Boston the fire of rebellion glowed hottest. There had been more than one fierce clash between the townfolk and the British soldiers who were garrisoned there. The cry of "No Taxation Without Representation" rang everywhere. And in deference to it the unjust taxes had been removed from some of the American imports. But the tea on tea remained. Great Britain refused to remove it. So the colonists, especially in Boston, refused to drink any more tea.

The East India Company, which supplied tea to the Colonies, tried to get around this by offering tea for sale here at a price that not only counterbalanced the tax, but made it possible for Americans to buy tea more cheaply than could Englishmen. This had no effect. With the Americans it was a question of principle. They would not buy tea at any price until the tax should be removed.

A fleet of ships, laden with tea, were sent to several American ports. At New York and Philadelphia the colonists would not let the ships discharge their cargoes. At Charleston the tea was landed, but was at once stored in wet cellars, where it spoiled. At Annapolis it was burned.

At Boston the citizens petitioned the Governor to turn back the ships. He refused. They asked the consignees not to receive the tea. One consignee, who would not obey their demand, had his house wrecked by a mob by way of punishment. Meantime the ships (laden with 343 chests of tea, valued at \$90,000) lay at Griffin's wharf.

There was a mass meeting of Boston patriots on Dec. 16 to protest against the landing of the tea. And then the people took the affair into their own hands.

The war whoop sounded through the streets, and sixty Boston "Sons of Liberty," disguised as Indians, dashed down to Griffin's wharf. The ship's officers had feared some such move, and a guard of twenty-five armed watchmen had been stationed at the docks.

The "Indians" overwhelmed these guards, sprang aboard the ships, ripped open the hatches and began hurling the tea chests overboard into the harbor.

For three hours they toiled at this task of destruction. And at the end of that time every one of the 343 huge tea chests had been knocked open and its contents dumped into the water. Thus did the men of Boston resent an unfair tax.

The Dawn of the Revolution.

News of the deed reached England, and aroused King George and his Ministry to fury. Some members of Parliament declared the Boston rioters "ought to have their town knocked about their ears and destroyed." A law was passed closing the port of Boston. The British Government believed this would bring the Bostonians to their knees. It had just the opposite effect.

From that moment the hatred between Massachusetts and the mother country grew fiercer and fiercer; a hatred that burst all bounds, sixteen months later, when the Battle of Concord and Lexington ushered in the Revolution.

What Your Fingers Mean

**M**USICAL talent—and inborn love of harmony, these may be traced in the formation of the fingers and hands.

Sometimes we find musicians who have their first, second and third fingers long and straight and smooth, with the mounts beneath them developed. When this happens we find a good combination; especially for one who wishes to become a composer of versatility of ideas and expression.

People with personalities that can be stirred by the depths and solemnity of the best religious music are generally those whose first finger is long, straight and well developed and whose also the mount beneath this finger is well defined. It is an odd but indisputable fact that these same objects, in their joyous and happiest moods, are often delighted with loud instrumental music.

Dead marches, dirges and such like, are likely to be played, composed, and also enjoyed only by those who have the mount beneath this finger well defined, and with hands having

the mount beneath this second finger slightly developed also. All of our famous composers have had these long second fingers, but they have had other fingers that were long also—for otherwise there would be nothing to offset their weird and morbid inclinations.

Our nature lovers, those who possess long, straight THIRD fingers, are usually persons who are more easily impressed, when listening to light, airy and simple music. That kind of harmony which represents to them murmuring brooks, sighing trees, twittering birds, and nature at its best; never the sounds of a thunder, nor of the horror of lightning or tempest.

These long, third-fingered people love to listen to melodies which help them dream of the home they have planned—with its shade trees, blossoming flowers; with its eternal quietness and heavenly peace. Bangy, trashy and loud scientific music—these are only a series of disagreeable sounds to them.

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